1: Burrows--84 (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 648 Ifalik

"Toward the enormous populations that inhabit vast lands far away-- or some of them--the people of Ifalik show a certain deference. They are used to being ruled by outsiders-Spanish, then Germans, then Japanese, and now Americans. But this does not put too great a strain on their self-esteem. They like to think that the world power with which they are affiliated is the largest and mightiest of all. Nowadays they are glad to accord that supremacy to the United States, as formerly they probably accorded it to their previous rulers. But world powers are so vast that Ifalik people can form only a dim conception of them; and so far away that most of the talk about them is of the kind we dismiss as 'academic.' "

1: Burrows--153-154 (1947-48) Woleaians 1-2
116, 173, 648 Ifalik

"Lieut. Carrol identified the Kovalū clan of Ifalik with one of two branches of the Yap clan called Fanif. According to a legend he collected on Yap, the two branches of this clan are descended from two sisters. One of them went overland from some unnamed starting point to Tomil district. The other was blown out to sea in a canoe. She came ashore at Onean in Gagil district, where her descendants constitute the Niarou branch of the clan, the one that is related to Ifalik's Kovalū. Similarly, Lieut. Carrol equated the SauvelārIk clan of Ifalik with the Ueloy clan of Yap. As for the six lower ranking clans of Ifalik, he had heard nothing about them on Yap, and inferred that, even if they originated on Yap, they must have reached Ifalik indirectly, after a sojourn somewhere else.

The traditional subordination to this line of chiefs in Yap has been maintained by fairly regular voyages both ways. Whether such voyages were made every year I could not make sure. Fonachar of Yap said that when the people of Ifalik came to Gatschapar, they would bring as tribute cloths, mat sails, mats, sennit rope, and coconut 'candy'. I could not make out what was meant by coconut candy. Hearing the story before we went to Ifalik, I supposed I would find out there. But nothing on Ifalik nowadays could very well be called coconut candy.

Fonachar said that the people of Yap would contribute to their visitors from the atolls turmeric, canoes made of the better wood available on high islands, mats, betel nuts, and food. Though thought of as a matter of tribute one way and largesse the other, these

mutual gifts amounted to an economic exchange. The atoll men would sometimes remain on Yap for considerable periods, and work for their overlord. One indication that the people of Ifalik did not always rejoice in this subordination is a bit of [154] sarcasm in an Ifalik song about a typhoon:

> The people of Yap will be sorry to hear of this;
> There will be nothing left for them to take."

1: Burrows--154
116, 648, 175

(1947-48)

Woleaians
Ifalik

"Foreign vessels, as they came to replace native canoes for such long voyages as that between Ifalik and Yap, continued to foster the old relationship by carrying passengers both ways. Maintenance of the traditional chain of command has been a policy of the U.S. Naval government, though some officers disapprove of it. In 1947-48 the American ships, on their tours of these 'outer islands', took along the Yap chiefs who were regarded as overlords of the atolls. The highest-ranking of them, Fithingmau, who was old and partly paralyzed, was represented by his heir-apparent. He claims no special jurisdiction over Ifalik. Foneg of Gatschapar village (Gagil district, Yap) was considered the overlord of Ifalik. On these trips he would always meet with the chiefs, receive gifts, particularly of cloths, and pray. Lieut. Carroll said that the prayers were for good crops, an abundance of fish, and fair weather. Lieut. Carroll considered the ascendancy of the Yap chiefs mainly a religious matter. Some other Naval government officials, who disapproved of encouraging this old relationship, said that the Yap chiefs maintained their ascendancy mainly by threats of inflicting disaster through their supernatural power. During our stay, the Yap people brought to those of the atolls many baskets of food, particularly boi nuts (Tahitian chestnut), bananas, watermelons and pineapples.

Return gifts were meager: hospitality-but nothing lavish-while the visiting chiefs were ashore; a cloth or two on each trip; perhaps other bits of handicraft; young coconuts to drink. Some other atolls contributed a canoe or two. The people of Ifalik seemed to

accept their subordination. I heard no grumbling about it. No more did I see any signs of enthusiasm."

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

120 but they were anxious to learn more. Don proposed a sort of trade with
123 Yani of English lessons for Ifaluk lessons. This developed presently into a regular session, every second or third night, with about a dozen of the young men of the island in attendance. I soon dropped out. The English-Ifalukian exchange thus became Don's enterprise: he had a special interest, since he would be staying on after Ted and I left.

●648 By next morning (Sunday) the wind had pretty much died down, and the census operation was continued. About noon, a Navy ship was sighted off Falarik. The walkie-talkies were again unlimbered and contact was established. It turned out to be a destroyer escort, calling by the island to check typhoon damage. They sent in a rubber landing boat with a half a dozen men who spent about an hour wandering around the island trading cigarettes for shells, and then took off. It began to look as though Ifaluk, instead of being isolated in the remote Pacific, was a busy crossroads.

125 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and finally the census was completed —or at least the first draft of the census. We made out a detailed list of all of the people, household by household, with a copy for each of us, and we kept making small changes all summer, finally making a complete recheck at the end of the summer to be sure we had everything straight. When I think of the trouble we had keeping track of 260 people, I get a new insight into the problem of census operations in a country like the United States. "Census" will never again be just a word.

805 The Ifalukians did not count years, and consequently did not know
162 exactly how old they were. They did, however, have a series of words
[192] for age groups: saugau for infant, sari for child, tarimwan for young man, liveirik for a girl past puberty, and so forth. Old men and old women were called tufai and there were a number of old people on the island: twenty-eight men and thirty women in the tufai class, to be exact, so that about a third of the population was in the old age group. Some of these, including Tom, were adults at the time of the 1907 typhoon, so that they must have been in their sixties at the time of our visit: but they were healthy, vigorous and obviously enjoying life.

163 Ted asked each woman of childbearing age how many children she had had, how many were still living, and—for those that had died—

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

whether they died in infancy (before they could walk) or later. The ninety-two women of childbearing age or older had had 255 children, of which 151 were still living. Of the 104 deaths, sixty were either stillbirths or infant deaths, which is a high infant mortality by modern Western standards, though probably lower than that of most of the crowded Oriental civilizations.

The menstrual history of every woman was public knowledge on Ifaluk because of the custom of retiring to the menstrual huts. Tufai for a woman, then, has the definite meaning that she has passed menopause, has completed her reproductive history. We got the reproductive history of twenty-eight of these elderly ladies. They had born a total of eighty children, or an average of 2.8 each. Eight of them had had no children; one of them had had ten; most had had two, three or four.

The Ifalukians, like most people who lack a written language or system of records, had amazing memories, and I think that our histories for these women are reasonably accurate. It is difficult to interpret them precisely, of course, because of our lack of data on movement to and away from the island, and the like. Clearly, however, the population is hardly maintaining itself. The Ifalukians loved children, seemed always to want children. I could not, however, get away from a suspicion that the low birth rate reflected some sort of deliberate contraceptive or control practice, beyond such conventional taboos as the prohibition of sexual intercourse during periods of fishing. The language problem, the delicacy of the subject and our reluctance to appear to be prying into personal matters, prevented us from getting any definite information.

The population question in the Pacific is a matter of general concern. All of the islands—Polynesian, Micronesian, Melanesian—showed a great decline in population through the 19th century. The islands had probably been almost free of contagious disease before the explorers, traders, whalers and other Westerners started roaming the Pacific, bringing smallpox, measles, venereal diseases, tuberculosis and the like along with them.

The consequences were devastating, and only in recent years have introduced medicine and sanitation started to counteract the effect of the introduced diseases. Until quite recently, I suspect that most cul-

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
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only source of supply, since no trade ship had visited the island for some months.

The captain went ashore on the final trip of the ship's launch. Most of the local population was assembled on the temple grass by the Fan Nap, all decked out with garlands in the hair and wreaths over the shoulders. I introduced the captain to Fagolier. It was a pleasure to watch the chief on such an occasion. He didn't need clothing for dignity: composed and calm, he always seemed pleased to meet the visitors, murmuring the correct phrases in Ifalukian, with no hint of the naked savage meeting civilization. Rather, the overdressed foreigners seemed awkward and out of place.

The captain photographed everyone, called in the sailors who had been wandering around, and took off. We all went down to the beach to see them go, but unhaunted by any desire to be going along. Don, of course, was terribly pleased to get his missing equipment: and I should have been pleased too, since I came to depend on that equipment for the rest of the summer.

That evening there was dancing. Ted thought at first that it was the children, but it turned out to be the young men, lined up by a bonfire, practicing for some big event that they planned presently. I popped flashbulbs at the dancers and Don and Ted watched, while the mosquitoes drained their blood away—another flaw in paradise. The scene was wild and lovely, the dark backdrop of the coconut palms fitfully lit up by the fire, the row of naked bodies trimmed with flowers and anklets and bracelets of coconut leaves, the inflected chanting, the stomping, clapping and rhythmic movement. Don learned pretty well to get the nice resonance that they produced by clapping the cupped right hand against the inside of the bent left arm.

Don got sore at me for popping flashbulbs—he said it spoiled the atmosphere, was an insult to the Ifalukians, and so forth. I suppose I felt sheepish about intruding with a camera myself—but I had thought I was doing my duty in getting a photographic record. Anyway, I took off with my camera in a huff and kept a residuum of photographic inhibition all of the rest of the summer. The camera is a curious thing that way—it takes gall or cheek or impertinence to get good pictures

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
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and the photographer is apt to be much resented. Yet people like to see the pictures. I never could see that the Ifalukians minded my photographic habits. They tended at first to stop work and pose when they saw me with the camera, but they quickly got the idea that I wanted them to continue working without paying any attention to me. The kids were particularly cooperative since (it was Ted's idea) I always had a pocket full of hard candies for distribution.

The people from Satawal left the next morning, Monday. I forgot to mention that when we arrived on Ifaluk, we found we had been preceded, a few days earlier, by a set of visitors from Satawal, another atoll about 150 miles to the east: three of the big ocean-going canoes, carrying thirty-seven men and boys, two women, two young girls and two babies. They were making a round of visits to the islands of the area in the traditional style, and during their stay on Ifaluk they were guests of the community.

Here in the Western Carolines the knowledge and practice of navigation with ocean-going canoes persists, while it is only a dim memory in most parts of the Pacific. Here too it will surely and perhaps promptly disappear, since it is, by any reckoning, a hazardous affair. The palus, the captain-navigators, of Ifaluk were all old men, and few of the young men seemed to be learning the art. The young men that we questioned had all travelled rather widely among neighboring atolls—but mostly in trade ships, or in the course of being moved about for labor by the Japanese during the war. Yani, for instance, who had travelled a great deal in ships, going to Yap to work on the airstrip, and to Palau for the start of his teacher education, had made only two canoe trips—both to nearby atolls—and he had no interest in further canoe travel.

The navigating methods of the Polynesians and Micronesians are not too well understood, and no European has ever accompanied them on an ocean voyage—or at least no European has ever written an account of such a voyage. Ted, in consequence, wanted very much to go with the Satawal flotilla which was heading next for Elato, some fifty miles to the east. Ted pointed out that while the trip might be hazardous, it was surely no more hazardous than driving on a parkway in the United States on Sunday, which millions of people did with no

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
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262 264 527 The people had brought many pots of breadfruit, cooked in different ways, and there was a large pile of drinking coconuts—also divided by Toroman. The meal lasted about an hour. I spent most of the time prowling around with the cameras while Ted and Don were more directly participating, squatting with the chiefly group. Ted reported that he liked best breadfruit that had been cooked with coconut [250] cream, resulting in a sort of mashed dough with the white, creamy, semi-sweet sauce.

123 648 That evening Don had his regular session of English and Ifaluk language exchange under the gasoline lanterns in the back of the Fan Nap. After the lesson Yani and his friend Tachiwelimeng lingered. They asked about the war between the United States and Japan, and got to telling about their own experiences. Tachiwelimeng had been taken by the Japanese to Fais, where there was a radio station. When the first American ship appeared off the island the Japanese got very excited, radioed the news to Yap, and then disappeared into hiding. The bombardment that followed scared everybody on the island. Tachiwelimeng spoke no English, but he was a born clown and gave a hilariously vivid pantomime of how the noise of the first shell tumbled him, how he crept behind a coconut palm and crouched in a ball, how a shell hit the coconut tree about six feet overhead and blew it down. No one was hurt except one of the Japanese, who was hit in the arm, but not seriously.

648 Japanese ships later took their captive labor to Yap, to use in filling holes in the landing strip made by the regular American bombings. Tachiwelimeng gave another graphic pantomime of American planes dodging Japanese ack-ack, bombs exploding all over the place and the like. These people seemed to look back on this as a big sideshow, bearing no resentment for the local people killed by the American bombings of Yap, and little resentment against the Japanese for getting them involved there.

126 The days were beginning to go by with remarkable speed. Ted gravely crossed them off, one by one, on a big calendar posted in the Fan Nap, and there was a check on this in my notebook, where the meteorological observations were entered every morning, first thing